

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and forty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 206, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Mondays. NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Macedonia, Charles D. Dudley, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 877, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, Alexander Nicol, Chief Ranger; Robert Johnstone, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 767, M. W. A., James W. Wilson, Ven. Consul; Charles R. Packer, Clerk. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George E. Swan, Master Workman; Perry H. Dawley, Recorder. Meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

MALBORN LODGE, No. 68, N. E. O. P. E. T. F. Allan, Warden; Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., George Russell, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sh. Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Gordon, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### Newport Artillery Company.

The new commanding officer of the Newport Artillery Company, Colonel Charles L. F. Robinson, assumed the command of that organization on Tuesday evening, the event being accompanied by considerable formality. The company assembled at the Armory, many fine and honorary members being in attendance.

The company was formed for dress parade and then Col. Robinson assumed command, Lieutenant Colonel Cooper being relieved. Col. Robinson spoke a few words expressing his appreciation of the honor done him.

The following non-commissioned officers were appointed:

Sergeant Major—William Knowe, Quartermaster Sergeant—O. E. Peabody.

Ordnance Sergeant—T. H. Lawton.

Commissionary Sergeant—G. H. Wilbur, Jr.

Ensign Sergeant—M. Dennis, Color Sergeant—J. C. Weaver, Chief Musician—D. A. Peckham, Musician—H. C. Sherman, Jr., Corporals—G. H. Blom, C. W. Swanson, C. E. Sullivan, A. C. Sherman, H. H. Hayden, J. Preece, C. North.

### Vesuvius Coming.

The dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, one of the costly experiments of the navy department, is to be brought to Newport where she will be attached to the Torpedo Station for use of the torpedo class in gunnery practice.

The work of converting the cruiser has been commenced at the Charles-town Navy Yard, and when it is finished, navy yard experts say, the United States will have one of the finest vessels afloat for gunnery practice with torpedoes.

The Vesuvius, the only one of its kind ever built, cost \$350,000, but has never been a success owing mainly to the difficulty of accurately training the big pneumatic guns, which are immovable, and require the ship itself to be moved for training.

It is planned to remove the pneumatic guns and to put in torpedo tubes below decks. The three three-pounder rapid-firing guns, which formerly were mounted on the deck, will be replaced by modern ordnance.

The schools reopened on Monday morning, with a large enrollment. In some rooms there are between 70 and 80 pupils, but it is expected that the overcrowding of so many pupils into one room will be remedied shortly. The superintendent's office was a very busy place during the entire day.

### School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee, the first since last June, was held on Monday evening. Superintendent Lull was present, having just returned from a vacation spent in Europe. Mr. Lull stated that he had not had time to prepare a written report, but he read the statistics of attendance at the opening of the schools. The statement was as follows:

Callender—Kindergarten 17; Grade I-48; II-56; total-102. Calvert—K-19; I-30; II-35; IV-58; V-28; VI-32; VII-61; IX-41 and 88; total-372. Carey—K-23; I-32 and 28; II-46; III-53; IV-47; V-42; VI-41; total-312. Clarke—I-14; II-20; IV-25; V-27; VI-58; total-144. Coddington—K-32; I-53; II-51; III-27 and 41; IV-62; V-56; VII-41; VIII-49 and 88; IX-26 and 41; total-517. Coggeshall—K-18; I-32; II-32; III-47; IV-38; V-54; VI-34; VII-40; VIII-35; total-330.

Crauson—I-26; II-24; III-39; V-40; VI-28; VII-48; total-208. Edward-Farewell—I-33; II-24; III-34; IV-41; total-152. Lenthal—I-24 and 14; II-16 and 78; III-53; IV-61; V-47; VI-40; VII-63; total-409.

Parish—I-19; total-19. Potter—I-36; V-92; VI-51; VII-48; total-227.

Total for grades—Kindergarten-109; I-551; II-934; III-407; IV-388; V-386; VI-288; VII-245; VIII-183; IX-146. Rogers High School—X-145; XI-92, XII-32; total-315.

The total enrollment of all the schools is 3,162. Of these 283 are pupils never before in the schools, of whom about 180 went to the kindergarten and grade 1.

On recommendation of the committee on textbooks the Gregg system of shorthand was adopted for use in the schools.

Mr. Lull told of the overcrowded conditions of some of the school rooms and stated that owing to the demand for accommodation in the Lenthal building it would be necessary to transfer some of the Lenthal pupils to Cranston and some of the Cranston pupils to other buildings.

The committee on buildings recommended increase of pay to janitors as follows:

George H. Young, \$25; Arnold H. James, \$50; F. P. King, \$50; J. W. Bacheller, \$50; D. J. Ayler, \$75; Mrs. Johanna Tracey, \$25.

Janitors were elected as follows: Rogers, George H. Young, \$600; Coddington, Arnold H. James, \$750; Lenthal, Francis G. Wilbur, \$600; Carey, William Gash, \$600; Clarke, Frank P. Gomes, \$600; Crauson, Frank P. King, \$600; Calvert, Alphonso Barker, \$600; Coggeshall, Henry M. Young, \$600; Potter & Callender, John W. Bacheller, \$650; Edward-Farewell, Daniel J. Ayler, \$400; Parish, Catherine Casey, \$100; Townsend-Coles, John H. Bennett, \$100, and Johanna Tracey, \$125.

Steamer C. H. Northam, belonging to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and which has been used of late principally to house strike breakers, has been laid up at Long wharf. Monday evening there was a lamp explosion in the porter's room on board the steamer and an alarm was rung in from box 15. A great concourse of people ran down the wharf to see the fire but there was nothing to see, for the crew extinguished the flames before the apparatus arrived. The night watchman was somewhat burned in fighting the fire and was taken away in the ambulance.

Work on the new structure for St. Joseph's Church has been officially begun this week and it is expected to have the cellar completed before the winter sets in. The first sod was turned on Tuesday, when Rev. Father Deady threw out the first shovelful of earth. There was quite a gathering of spectators to see the beginning of the work. There is now a small gang of men at work clearing the land, plowing the surface and removing the trees. The contract for erecting the building has not yet been awarded.

Mr. Walter Russell, the well known caterer, slipped from the curbstone on John street on Friday last week, and broke one of the ligaments of his ankle. He was removed to his home at the Casino, and later to the hospital, where an operation was performed. Mr. Russell is as comfortable as can be expected, but it will be several weeks before he is able to be about again.

During the past week the Minneapolis, Columbia and Prairie of the Atlantic Training Squadron, under command of Rear Admiral W. C. Wise, were anchored in the harbor, back of the Torpedo Station. The fleet has sailed for No Man's Land, and will engage in target practice.

Mrs. T. Shaw-Safe gave her annual outing to the children on Monday. The little ones were taken to Freebody Park to witness the afternoon performance. Seats were reserved for them and the children thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A box of nice candy was given to each child.

### September Gale.

Newport was this week visited by a wind and rain storm which, for intensity and the amount of damage done, has not been equalled for many years. The gale was of comparatively brief duration but in a few hours it accomplished considerable damage.

All day Wednesday it was stormy with considerable rain and the storm continued during the night. There was some thunder and lightning but no particular harm was done at that time. About 6 o'clock Thursday morning there was a decided change. The wind shifted suddenly from the south east and commenced to blow with great fury. At the same time the rain continued to fall in large quantities. Small vessels in the harbor suffered severely, trees were blown down, chimneys were blown over, flag staffs were broken, steamboat and car service was delayed and impeded, and there was havoc raised generally in all parts of the city.

In the south end of the harbor, where the wind had free play, the small boats suffered the worst. Many of them drifted from their anchoring places and were carried ashore, sometimes dragging others with them. Some barges that were anchored in the harbor were also carried ashore there and were left high and dry on the beach. In the upper harbor the damage was less for the vessels were more protected from the sweep of the wind. For a time the force of the wind prevented any attempt on the part of the owners to save their craft.

In all parts of the city trees were uprooted and great limbs torn from them. The debris was scattered everywhere. In some instances damage was done to nearby houses by falling trees. A number of flag staffs were broken off and hurled to the ground some distance from where they formerly stood. There was considerable difficulty experienced with wires of different kinds, and telephone men, electric light men, and men from the fire department were kept busy looking out for places where the wires had crossed.

The steamer for Providence delayed her morning trip for about an hour waiting for the storm to ease up. The General made her early morning trip over with the mail, but that was before the storm had reached its height, and she did not attempt to return until it had abated. The New Shoreham came down from Providence but the captain decided that it was no kind of a day to attempt the trip to Block Island.

At Freebody Park there was much damage done by the wind and rain. The wind blow off the roofletting in the rain in such quantities as to seriously damage the contents and fittings of the theatre. In consequence the season was brought to a sudden close.

At the Stone Bridge there was a rather narrow escape from a serious accident. Some of the abutments of the bridge were blown and washed away, part of the bridge sliding into the river just after an electric car had passed. The passengers on the car felt that they had had a narrow escape. Through service by electric between Newport and Fall River was interrupted in consequence of the accident.

The third autumn exhibition of flowers, fruits, vegetables, etc., by the Newport Horticultural Society will be held in Masonic Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, September 20, 21 and 22. The exhibition will be opened to the public at 2.30 p. m. on Tuesday and remain open until 10.30 p. m. on Thursday. The society is preparing for a very pretentious exhibit and no doubt it will be fully up to the high standard that has been maintained in the past. A handsome premium list has been printed at the Mercury office.

The Newport Dog Show was held at the Casino on Monday and Tuesday of this week and, like the Horse Show of last week, proved a very popular entertainment. Society turned out in force and occupied the boxes. The exhibits were unusually good. The judging took place on Tuesday when the prizes were awarded to the winners in the various classes. On Tuesday also the whippet races took place and drew a large attendance, being a novel feature for this section. The dogs were fleet and the races were very interesting.

The fair for the benefit of the building fund of St. Joseph's Church which has been held in Odd Fellows Hall for two weeks came to a close last Saturday night and it was found that a considerable sum had been realized. It is believed that about \$4000 will be added to the fund as a result of the fair.

Mr. J. O. Peckham has been awarded the contract for building 2220 feet of road in the town of Middletown by the State Board of Public Roads. A contract for building 2640 feet of road on Block Island has been awarded to the town, the price being \$2312.

### Kate Judd Released.

After spending more than twenty-one years in the State's prison at Cranston, Kate Judd, one of the most noted prisoners in Rhode Island, is once more free, having been given her liberty on Wednesday. Her sentence, with the commutation for good behavior, expired at that time. She was sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment for burning the house of the late J. G. Weaver in this city. Her career in confinement was marked by two sensational escapes, once from the jail in this city and once from the House of Correction at Providence.

Last Saturday Miss Judd was taken to the State prison from the House of Correction, where the women State prisoners are held, and was subjected to the formality of undergoing the measurements for the Berrillon system, which has been introduced at the Providence County Jail and Rhode Island State Prison. When Deputy Sheriff Frank Viall took her down there in a carriage she had her first excursion outside the House of Correction in 19 years. The last time was when she escaped from that institution and was at liberty for four days, in 1885, finally being recaptured by Charles Hunt, then Superintendent of the State institutions and later Chief of Police of Providence.

While an inmate of the place Miss Judd made many friends among the matrons, keepers and occupants, and for many years was practically in charge of the hospital connected with the institution. She is an expert with the embroidery needle, an excellent nurse and a good cook. These things have been taught her with the view of equipping her with the wherewithal to earn an honest and upright living.

### Recent Deaths.

William S. Nicol.

A sad death from drowning Monday morning was that of Mr. William S. Nicol, who has for many years been employed as gardener for Dr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Clarke, at "Beech Bound." Mr. Nicol was enjoying a bath off the shore near the Clarke estate and it is thought that he was seized with cramps. He was drowned before assistance could reach him. Word was quickly despatched to Mrs. Nicol and Medical Examiner Feroyd was summoned. He viewed the body and pronounced death due to accidental drowning.

Mr. Nicol was one of the best gardeners in the city. He has been in the employ of Mr. Finlay and Mr. Theodore M. Davis. Eight years ago he began his duties at "Beech Bound." He was a member of the Newport Horticultural Society and was an earnest worker in that organization. He was also a member of Coronet Council, R. A.

A widow and two children survive him.

The funeral took place from the United Congregational Church Wednesday afternoon with a large attendance, including many of the gardeners and florists in the city; also members from the various societies of which he was a member. Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard conducted the service and the bearers were Messrs. Samuel M. Young, Thomas L. Bain, Robert Christie, Andrew K. McMahon, James Brown and John B. Urquhart.

Dr. and Mrs. Clarke had just returned from Europe, arriving in Newport on Sunday.

The Republican City Committee and the Newport Republican Association, working in conjunction, will form a regiment for the Presidential campaign in this state. Some big parades are expected in the state and the Newport Republicans will probably take part.

The work on the new high school building has progressed so far as to be visible from the street. The big pile of dirt that has been lying on the front of the lot is being carried away, and it has hardened up so, since it was removed from the cellar, that it has to be loosened with pickax and crowbar.

On Tuesday word was received of the death in Providence of Mrs. Anna B. Burrington, widow of Mr. Charles B. Burrington. Mrs. Burrington was a daughter of the late Job A. Peckham of Newport, and leaves one son, Mr. Arthur B. Burrington.

Miss Alice H. Rutherford, eldest daughter of the late Mrs. George Crocker, will be married to Mr. J. Langdon Erving in New York this month. The wedding will be a very quiet one, on account of Miss Rutherford being in mourning.

On Friday evening, October 21st, Grand Chancellor Ephraim P. Whiting of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, Knights of Pythias, will visit Redwood Lodge, No. 11, of this city.

Mrs. Timothy Peckham of this city is visiting friends in Greenwich, R. I.

### Newport County Fair.

The annual fair by the Newport County Agricultural Society will take place on September 27, 28, 29, and 30. An interesting program of sports, amusements, and entertainments has been arranged for every day of the fair, and there ought to be plenty to amuse the young people.

On Tuesday night there will be a game of basket ball between the Y. M. C. A. team of Newport and the Signal Corps team of Fall River. Wednesday evening the Sweet and Dunn Vaudeville and Magic Company will entertain. Thursday evening the Banjo Club of Fall River will render an entirely new program. The prize speaking and prize singing will take place on Friday evening, with a violin solo by Josie Anthony, etc. On Thursday afternoon there will be a football game between teams from Fall River and Newport. The children's fete will be on Friday afternoon, games beginning at 2.30.

The awards in the various classes will be made on Wednesday. There will be music and dancing every evening.

### Middletown Cavalcade.

The Middletown Cavalcade has been brought to life again for the campaign of 1904. A meeting was held at the town hall in Middletown on Thursday evening when steps were taken to reorganize the body. There was a large gathering present and much interest was manifested in the project. It was announced that this year residents of the other towns and city in the county will be urged to join in order that the Cavalcade may be may up of residents of the county instead of being limited to Middletown.

The following officers were elected: Colonel—Howard R. Peckham. Lieutenant Colonel—John T. Carr. Adjutant—Benjamin Caswell. Major—William Spooner. Commissary—James Anthony. Assistant Commissary—James R. Chase. Paymaster—Louis R. Manchester. Quartermaster—Arthur R. Anthony. Chaplain—Nathaniel Peckham. Captain—J. Overton Peckham. Harry E. Peckham, Herbert Chase.

### Wedding Bells.

Hamilton Fielding.

Miss Sadie Fielding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Fielding, was married to Mr. Robert J. Hamilton Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Record of the Channing Memorial Church. Miss Theresa Daily was bridesmaid and Mr. Philip Elliott acted as best man.

A reception followed the ceremony, which was largely attended. Many useful and pretty gifts were sent to the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton left via Fall River line for New York on their wedding trip.

It is reported that the marriage of Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, to Captain Spender-Clay, will take place in London on October 29th. The marriage will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Bishop of London will be the officiating clergyman assisted by the Archdeacon.

The remains of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Field Peckham, widow of Mr. Peleg Peckham, who died on the steamer for Scotland on July 24th, were brought to Newport the past week for interment. Funeral services were held at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the Belmont Memorial Chapel.

The Newport Artillery Company enjoyed a field day at the Clam Bake Club on Thursday, the command turning out with full ranks. The storm of the early morning was threatening but the weather was fairly good for the outing.

There will be a discussion of the proposed teacher training course of the Rhode Island Sunday School Association at the Second Baptist Church in this city on Monday evening next.

The last Boston excursion of the season, which arrived on Thursday, brought only 136 passengers, the small number probably being due to the storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Sherman have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Merrill, of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham and daughters are at Jackson, N. H., for a few weeks.

Mr. Roland King of this city has been granted a patent for a new pipe rack.

Miss Sadie Hargrove Elliott, who has been spending the summer abroad, has arrived in New York.

Miss Best, daughter of Mrs. Clernont L. Best, is at Tuxedo visiting friends.

### Middletown.

Mr. J. Percival Grinnell returned Tuesday to resume his studies at the Kingston Agricultural College. Several other young men from the town are to take up a course of study there, among them being Crawford P. Hart, Julian Peckham and Everett Littlefield of Portsmouth. The full term of the College began Wednesday.

The Rev. J. T. Huntington, Indian avenue, is entertaining his son, Mr. Harry Huntington of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel H. Peabody, Honeyman Hill, are entertaining the Rev. James O. Thompson of Fairhaven, Mass., a former pastor at the Methodist Episcopal Church over 20 years ago. He was the preacher at that church on Sunday afternoon last. The Sunday evening services were conducted by Rev. Joshua Monroe, an evangelist from Boston.

There was a meeting held Tuesday at Bristol, of the Epworth League sub-district convention which was to have convened at Portsmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham and family left Saturday for Peru, Vermont, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Farnum, Mrs. Peckham's parents.

Mrs. John Bruce and son, of Yarmouthport, Mass., formerly of Newport and Middletown, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slison.

### Portsmouth.

Mrs. Perry G. Case, and her grandson, Mr. Philip B. Case, who have been spending the summer at "Wap-paug," have returned to Newport.

Very little was seen or known of tramps upon the Island up to the time of the advent of the electric. Since then they have been becoming more of a frequent nuisance and have caused not a little annoyance, this summer in particular.

Mr. and Mrs. Constant W. Chase are entertaining the Misses Cole, of Washington.

Mrs. George Elliot is with her mother, Mrs. John R. Manchester who is quite ill.

The Barker farm, opposite Southwick's Grove, Middletown, has recently been purchased by Miss Adeline Agnes Tuck of this town. Under the direction of Contractor Charles Harrington a large house, 200 feet long, is being erected upon the premises and several smaller houses will be built, it being the intention to start a poultry plant.

Miss Ethel M. Carter, who has recently undergone a successful operation at the Newport Hospital, has returned to her home much improved in health.

The name Portsmouth Grove road was changed to Bradford avenue at a special meeting of the town council last week. It was also voted that the town use the voting machine system in the coming election.

### Block Island.

Affairs of the Town of New Shoreham have again been brought to public notice by the publication of the report of the special commission appointed in May to act with the town council to expend the appropriation of \$14,000 for the completion of the inner harbor in that town. The commission feels somewhat aggrieved because their duties consisted of finding out that they had no duties, the former commission never having been discharged. However, the commission makes a detailed report upon the history of the Great Salt Pond and comments the whole business. The commission consists of Edward M. Sullivan of Providence, J. Eugene Littlefield of New Shoreham and Patrick J. Murphy of Newport.

Mrs. Rusea, wife of Mr. D. A. Mitchell, died at her residence here on Sunday last after a long illness. She had been sick for most of the summer and her friends and relatives had despaired of her recovery. Mrs. Mitchell was a most estimable woman and one who never spared herself when work was to be done. For many years she had shared with her husband in the management of the Highland House and the prosperity of this hotel was due in no small degree to her careful foresight, business ability, and untiring energy.

Colonel Dalton E. Young is confined to his home by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hazard and Mr. and Mrs. John B. Tiley have gone to the White Mountains on a visit.

The Harvard Club of Rhode Island indefinitely postponed the summer meeting, which was to have been held at the Casino on Wednesday.

Mr. Robert Frud Lee, formerly of this city, but now of Pittsfield, Mass., is visiting relatives in this city.

Chief Engineer Kirwin has been in Chattanooga, Tenn., the past week attending the annual meeting of the fire chiefs of the United States.

Superintendent Lull arrived home from his European trip of Sunday, after spending the summer abroad travelling.

William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, met on Tuesday evening with Mrs. R. C. Ebb on Powel avenue, it being the last meeting before the annual.

Mr. Robert Frame has arrived home after a visit to New Jersey.

J. E. Seabury and others have sold to Alice Carr the estate bounded west on Division street, north on land of Ellen B. Knowles, east on land of Fay Downing and south on land of Adelaide B. Jennings.

# Over the Border

By ...  
**ROBERT BARR,**  
Author of "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," Etc.

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No sooner was the cart quit of the room and the door closed behind him than De Courcy, with an impetuous movement that startled the girl, flung himself at her feet. Her first impulse was to step quickly back, but she checked it and stood her ground.

"Oh, divine Frances!" he cried, "how impatiently I have waited for this moment when I might declare to you—"

"Sir, I beg of you to rise. 'Tis not seemly you should demean yourself thus."

"'Tis seemly that the whole world should grovel at your feet, my lady of the free forest, for all who look upon you must love you, and for me, who have not the cold heart of this northern people, I adore you, and do here avow it."

"You take me at a disadvantage, sir. I have never been spoken to thus. I am but a child and unaccustomed; only sixteen this very day. I ask you to—"

"Most beautiful nymph! How many grand ladies of our court would give all they possess to make such confession truly. Aye, the queen herself. I do assure you, sweetest, such argument will never daunt a lover."

"I implore you, sir, to arise. My father will return."

"That he will not. And if he did 'twould pleasure him to see my suit advancing. I loved you from the first moment I beheld you, and, though you used me with continuity, yet I saluted my wounded heart that 'twas me you noticed, and me only, even though your glance was tinged with scorn."

Notwithstanding a situation that called for tact, she was unable to resist a touch of the linguistic ripier, and her eyes twinkled with suppressed merriment as she said, "You forget, sir, that I also distinguished the keeper of the bonds with my regard," but, seeing he winced, she recollected her position and added: "In truth, I was most churlishly rude in the forest, and I am glad you spoke of it, that I now have opportunity to beg your pardon very humbly. I have learned since then that you stand high in my dear father's regard, and indeed he chided me for my violence, as 'twas his duty to do by a wayward child."

The gallant was visibly flattered by this tribute to his unwarlike prope. He seized her hand and pressed his lips to it, the tremor which passed over her at this action being probably misinterpreted by his unquenchable vanity. The tension was relieved by a low roar from the street, a sound that had in it the menace of some wild beast roused to anger. It brought to the girl a reminiscence of her disturbed dreams.

"Good heaven, what is it?" she exclaimed, snatching away her hand and running to the window. Her suit or rose to his feet, faintly dusted the knees of his silken wear with a film of lace that did duty for a handkerchief, and followed her.

The street below was packed with people howling round a carriage that seemed blocked by the press. The stout coachman, gorgeous in splendid livery, had some ado to restrain the spirited horses, nudged and prancing with the interference and the outcry. Cudgels were shaken aloft in the air, and there were shouts of "Traitor!" "Tyrant!" and other epithets so degrading that Frances put her hands to her ears in horrified dismay.

"Whom are they threatening so fendishly?" she whispered.

"That is your father's carriage," answered De Courcy.

Before she could make further inquiry there came up to them the cold, dominating tones of her father's voice, clear above that tumult:

"Strike through!"

The stout coachman laid about him with his whip, and the curses for the moment abandoned the head of Strafford to slough on that of the driver. The horses plunged fiercely into the crowd. The cruel progress changed the tenor of the cries, as if a walling stop of a great organ had suddenly taken the place of the open diapason. The press was so great that their front could not make for safety, and the disappearing coach was greeted with screams of terror and was followed by groans of agony. Men went down before it like ripe grain before a sickle.

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned the girl, all color leaving her face.

"It serves the dogs right," said De Courcy. "How dare they block the way of a noble, and the chief minister of state."

"I—I cannot look on this," lamented Frances, shrinking back to the table and leaning against it as one about to faint, forgetting her desire to avoid further demonstration from her companion in the tropic which followed the scene she had witnessed.

"Indeed they were most mercifully dealt with, those scoundrels. The king of France would have sent a troop of horse to smother them back into their kennels. 'Strike through!' cried his lordship, and 'tis a good phrase, most suitable motto for a coat of arms, a hand grasping a dagger above it. 'Strike through!' I shall not forget it. But 'twas a softer and more endearing theme I wished to—"

"Sir, I beseech your polite consideration. I am much distraught with what I have seen and am filled with a fear of London. 'Tis not the courtly city I expected to behold. I am not myself."

"But you will at least bid me hope?"

"Surely, surely, all of us may hope."

"Why, 'twas the last and only gift left in Pandora's casket, and London were grim indeed to be more heretofore than the prospect of that deceitful wa-

man. May I make my first draft on Madam Pandora's box by hoping that I am to see you at this hour tomorrow?"

"Yes—tomorrow—tomorrow," gasped the girl faintly.

**CHAPTER V.**  
**A** DRIZZLING rain had set in and had driven the crowds from the streets. Frances drew a chair to the window of the library and sat there meditating on the strange events in which she was taking some small part, so different from the tranquil happenings of the district she had known all her life. She had imagined London a city of paces facing broad streets, fancied, if not literally, paved with gold—a town of gaiety and laughter; and here was the reality, a cavernous, squalid, gloomy, human warren, peopled with murky demons bent on outrage of some sort, ill-natured and threatening.

As the day waned she saw that in spite of the rain the mob was collecting again, its atoms running hither and thither, calling to each other; be-draggled beings laboring under some common excitement. And now its roar came to her again, farther off than before—a roar that chilled her while she listened, and the wave of sound this time seemed to have a fearful note of exultation in it. She wondered what had happened, and was anxious for her father if he were at the mercy of it. Mrs. Jarrett came into the room, followed by a manservant, and also by one of her father's secretaries, as the woman whispered to the girl:

"My lady, we must close the shutters and bar them tightly, for the ruffians are threatening again, and may be here in force at any moment to stone the windows, as they have done before."

The secretary seated himself at the table and was arranging papers. The manservant opened the windows, from which Frances drew back, and now the cries came distinctly to her. "Death to Strafford!" "Down with the tyrant!" "To the block with the king's ear!" were some of the shouts she heard lustily called forth.

"Oh! I fear my father is in danger. Do you think they have him in their power, that they exult so?"

Good Mrs. Jarrett, anxiety on her own honest face, soothed her young mistress, and the secretary came forward.

"Be not troubled, madam," he said. "While they cry 'To the block!' it shows they have not possession of his lordship's person, but hope to stir up rumor to his disfavor. While they shout for process of law, his lordship is safe, for the law is in his hands and in those of the king, whose behests he carries out."

This seemed a reasonable deduction, and it calmed the inquirer, although there remained to her disquietude the accent of triumph in the voice of the mob.

"Death to Strafford!" was the burden of the melody, but now one shouted, "Justice on Strafford!" though his meaning was clearly the same as the others. There was no dissenting outcry, and this unanimous hatred, so vehemently expressed, terrified at least one listener. Why was her father so universally detested? What had he done? Stern he was undoubtedly, but just, as his reception of herself had shown, and courteous to all to whom she heard him speak; yet the memory of that phrase, "Strike through!" uttered with such ruthless coldness, haunted her memory, and she heard again the shrieks of those trampled underfoot. It was an indication that what he had to do he did with all his might, reckless of consequence. If any occupied his path, the obstructor had to stand aside or go down, and such a course does not make for popularity.

The windows being now shuttered and barred securely, and the tumult muffled into indistinct murmur, lights were brought in. Mrs. Jarrett urged the girl to partake of some refreshment, but Frances insisted on waiting for her father. The secretary, seeing her anxiety, said:

"Mr. Vollins went out some two hours ago to learn what was taking place, and I am sure if anything serious had happened he would have been here before now with tidings."

"Who is Mr. Vollins?"

"His lordship's treasurer, madam."

As the words were uttered, the door opened, disclosing John Vollins, the expression of whose serious, clean shaven face gave little promise of encouragement.

"What news, Mr. Vollins?" The mob seems rampant again," spoke up the secretary.

"Disquieting news, or I am misled. The rumor is everywhere believed that his lordship was arrested in parliament this afternoon and is now in prison."

"Impossible! 'Twould be a breach of privilege. In parliament! It cannot be. Did you visit the precincts of parliament?"

"No man can get within a mile of it, the mass of people is so great. It seems as if all London were concentrated there, and one is swept hither and thither in the crush like a straw on the billows of the sea. Progress is out of the question except in whatever direction impulse sweeps the mob. There are so many versions of what is supposed to have happened that none can sift the truth. It is said that parliament, behind closed doors, impeached his lordship, and that when he demanded entrance to his place he was arrested by order of the two houses acting conjointly."

"But even if that were true—and it seems incredible—the king can liberate him at a word."

"They say even the king and court have fled and that hereafter parliament will be supreme, but one cannot believe a title of what is flying through the streets this night. The people are mad, stark mad."

Mrs. Jarrett hovered about the young lady in case an announcement so fraught with dread to all of them should prove too much for her, but Frances was the most collected of any there. "If that is all," she said calmly, "I will be but a temporary inconvenience to my father which he will make little of. He has committed no crime, and may face with fortitude the judgment of his peers, certain of triumphant acquittal. He is in London by command of the king, his master, and his majesty will see to it, should all else fail, that he suffers not for his obedience."

This conclusion was so reasonable that it had the effect of soothing the apprehensions of all who heard it, and, young as she was, Frances seemed to assume a place of authority in the estimation of those present, which was to stand her in good stead later in the evening.

It was after 9 o'clock that there was a rap at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the secretary through the grating.

"A messenger from the court," was the reply. Frances had come up the hall on hearing the challenge.

"What name?" demanded the secretary.

"De Courcy. Open quickly, I beg of you. The mob has surged down the street, but it may return at any moment."

"Open," said Frances, with decision, and the secretary obeyed.

De Courcy came in, unrecognizable at first because of the cloak that enveloped him. The door was secured behind him, and he flung his cloak to one of the men standing there. His gay plumage was somewhat ruffled, and the girl never thought she would be so heartily glad to see him.

"Is it true that my father is sent to the Tower?" were her first words.

"No, mademoiselle; but he is in custody, arrested by order of parliament, and at this moment detained in the house of James Maxwell, keeper of the Black Rod, who took his sword from him and is responsible for his safety. 'Tis said he will be taken to the Tower tomorrow, but they reckon not on the good will of some of us who are his friends, and they forget the power of the king."

Frances frowned, but said: "What were the circumstances of my father's arrest? What do they charge against him?"

"God knows what the indictment is; chiefly that he is Strafford, I think. He entered the house of lords this afternoon and walked with customary dignity to his place, but was curiously ordered to withdraw until he was sent for, as the commons were at that moment enouncing their formula against him. He withdrew in the face of this loud protest, and at last, being called, stood before them; was commanded to kneel, which, with some hesitation, he did, while the articles to his disparagement were read from the woolsack. He was then dismissed, and, once in the outer room again, the Black Rod demanded his sword and so conducted him, under restraint, to a carriage; no man of all then present daring to follow, although they had been obsequious enough when he entered. A scurvy lot!"

"Were you among them?"

"Not I; I gave you the account as 'twas told to me, but had I been in that contemptible company, my hat would have gone lower than ever before."

"You have not seen my father then? He has sent no message by you?"

"I have not seen him, but I come to crave a few words with you in private."

"Sir, you must excuse me. I am so tense with anxiety about my father, I can think of naught else."

"'Tis on that subject I wish to discourse. He has set in train a series of events in which I hoped to aid him, but it is like to go awry through this most unlooked for arrest. That is why I was here this morning, and the conclusion was to have been completed tomorrow. Did he say anything to you about it?"

"You heard all he said to me today. I saw him for but a moment, and that in your presence."

"I had hoped his lordship made a confidant of you, so my mission were the easier of accomplishment."

"If it has to do with his welfare, I am ready to confer with you. Come with me to the library."

But before they could quit the hall they were aware that another was taking advantage of the lull in the street to seek entrance to the mansion. Frances paused to learn the result. This time it was an envoy from Strafford himself, and he brought a letter addressed to "Miss Frances Wentworth." She opened and read the note with eager anticipation, forgetting for the moment all who were standing there.

Sweetheart—You have heard before this what hath befallen me, yet trust thou in the goodness of God that my enemies shall do me no hurt. I am troubled that you should be in London at this time, where I can be of no help to you. It would please me to know that you were safe in the home where you have lived until this present time. Think not that you can assist me other than by obeying, for I trust in God and the king and in the assurance that I am innocent of the charges which hath been brought against me. Therefore be in no way alarmed, but betake yourself straightway to the north, there to wait with your brother, as heretofore, until I send a message for you, which I hope to do right speedily. Travel in comfort and security, and take with you such of my household as will secure both.

My treasurer, John Vollins, will give you all manner of require, and this letter in his assurance to fulfill your wishes in this and every respect. Trust in God; give way to no fear, but bear yourself as my daughter. Your loving father, STRAFFORD.

The young woman folded the letter without a word, except to the secretary, to whom she said:

"My father writes in good confidence, seeing no cause for alarm, having assurance of his innocence and faith in God and the king."

Then she led the way to the library, followed by De Courcy, but in hand.

Vollins arose and left them together, whereupon the Frenchman, with some slight hesitation, possibly remembering a different plan on that spot a few hours before, began his recital.

"This morning his lordship, your honored father, requested my assistance in a business which he thought I was capable of bringing to a satisfactory conclusion. It concerned a highly placed personage, whom it is perhaps improper for me to name, and perhaps unnecessary for me to particularize further. His lordship's intention was to present this exalted lady with some gift which she would value for its intrinsic worth no less than its artistic quality, and, as he professed himself no judge of such, preferring to depend upon the well known taste of my nation in delicate articles of merit, also so far complimenting me as to believe that I could, in suitable manner and phrase, present this token to the gracious acceptor of it, he desired my intervention, and I promised so to pleasure him to the best of my poor abilities. On leaving you this morning I made selection of the gift, and furthermore gave hint to the recipient of its intended presentation—a hint, I may say, which was received with palpable delight. Judge, then, my consternation when I heard of the earl's arrest, for he had promised to pay me the money tomorrow."

The young man paused, his listener pondering with her eyes on the floor. She had such a deep distrust of him, and was so well aware of the prejudice, that she struggled against it, praying for an unbiased mind. Yet much that he had said coincided with certain things she knew—her father's desire that the queen should cease from meddling in affairs of state to his disadvantage and theirs; his seeming friendship for De Courcy, although he despised him; his intention that she should be civil to him; his disclaimer of all knowledge regarding what a woman valued in a gift when he presented her with a full purse the night before—all these fitted with the Frenchman's story. The suppliant, scrutinizing her perplexed brow, seemed to fear that his chance of getting the money was vanishing, as he continued on the line most likely to incline her to favor his present demand.

"Of course I should not have troubled you in this matter did I not think that if the arrangement your father wished to make was important this morning it is ten times more important tonight. Indeed, his liberty may depend upon it. I am well aware that it is open to me to say to the lady, 'Lord Strafford is in prison and is unable to carry out his generous intentions,' but I fear the deep disappointment will outweigh the force of the reasoning. Your charming sex is not always strictly logical."

"What was the sum agreed upon?" asked Frances, looking suddenly up.

"A thousand pounds in gold."

The question had been sprung upon him, and he had answered without thought, but as he watched her resolute face a shade of disappointment passed over his own, as if of inward regret that he had not made the amount larger should her determination prove his ally.

"I shall see that you get the money, if not tonight at the time promised."

She sent for Vollins and placed the case before him. The treasurer stood by the table with inextinguishable face and listened in silence, his somewhat forlorn look bent on the Frenchman.

"Has Mr. De Courcy some scrap of writing in which my lord signifies that so considerable a payment is to be made?"

"My dear fellow, this relates to business that is not put in writing between gentlemen," said the foreigner hastily.

"I am not a gentleman, but merely the custodian of his lordship's purse. I dare not pay out gold without his lordship's warrant over his own signature."

"Mr. Vollins," pleaded the girl eagerly, "my father's life and liberty may depend on this disbursement. I will be your warrant. I have money of my own in the north, many times the sum I request you to pay. Should my father object I will refund to you the thousand pounds. Indeed, I will remit it to you in any case, and my father need know nothing of this transaction, therefore you cannot be held in scath."

"I must not do it," said Vollins. "His lordship is a very strict man of business and will hold me to account. He would forgive you, madam, but would be merciless with me did I consent to so unheard of a proposal. I dare not count out a thousand pounds to the first man who steps from the street and asks for it, giving me his bare word."

"But you have my word as well, Mr. Vollins," urged the girl.

"Madam, I beseech you to consider my position. I am but a servant. The money is not mine or you were welcome to it. Yet why all this haste? His lordship can undoubtedly be communicated with tomorrow, and then a word or line from him is sufficient."

"You have an adage, sir, of striking while the iron is hot. The iron may be cool enough by the time your scruples of legality are satisfied," warned De Courcy.

"His lordship can be communicated with. You are quite right, Mr. Vollins," cried Frances, remembering. "He has communicated with me. I ask you to read this letter, and then to pay the thousand pounds required of you."

Vollins read the letter with exasperating slowness and said at last: "There is nothing here authorizing me to pay the gentleman a thousand pounds."

"True, there is not, but my father says you are to pay me what moneys I require. I require at this moment a thousand pounds in gold."

"The money is for your safe conduct to the north."

"You have read my father's letter more carefully than I supposed by the time you took. He says you are to fulfill my wishes in this and every respect. Do you still refuse me?"

"No, madam, but I venture to advise you strongly against the payment."

"I thank you for your advice. I can certify that you have done your duty fully and faithfully. Will you kindly bring forth the gold?"

Vollins weighed the five bags of coin with careful exactitude and without further speech. De Courcy fastened them to his belt, then looked about him for his cloak, which he at last remembered to have left in the hall. Vollins called upon a servant to fetch it, taking it from him at the door. The Frenchman enveloped himself and so hid his treasure. The cautious Vollins had prepared a receipt for him to sign, made out in the name of Frances Wentworth, but De Courcy demurred; it was all very well for the counting house, he said, but not in the highest society. The Earl of Strafford would be the first to object to such a course, he insisted.

Frances herself tore the paper in pieces and said that a signature was not necessary, while Vollins made no further protest. She implored De Courcy in a whispered aside to acquit faithfully the commission with which her father had entrusted him, and he assured her that he was now confident of success, thanking her effusively for the capable conduct of a difficult matter of diplomacy. Then, with a sweeping gesture of obeisance, he took his courteous departure.

Mr. Vollins deferentially asked Frances to sign a receipt which he had written, acknowledging the payment of a thousand pounds, and to this document she hurriedly attached her signature.

**CHAPTER VI.**

**F**RANCES made her way to the north, as her father had directed, and everywhere found the news of his arrest in advance of her—the country ablaze with excitement because of it. The world would go wild once Strafford was laid low. He had deluded and misled the good king, as Buckingham did before him. Buckingham had fallen by the knife; Strafford should fall by the ax. Then the untrammelled king would rule well; quietness and industry would succeed this unhealthy period of fever and unrest.

The girl was appalled to meet everywhere this intense hatred of her father, and in her own home she was surrounded by it. Even her brother could not be aroused to sympathy, for he regarded his father not only as a traitor to his country, but as a domestic delinquent also, who had neglected and deserted his young wife, leaving her to die uncomfited without even a message from the husband for whom she had almost sacrificed her good name, bearing uncomplainingly his absence and her father's wrath.

During the winter Frances saw little of her brother. Thomas Wentworth was here and there riding the country, imagining, with the confidence of extreme youth, that he was mixing in great affairs, as indeed he was, although he was too young to have much influence in directing them. The land was in a ferment, and the wildest rumors were afloat. Strafford had escaped from the Tower and had taken flight abroad, like so many of his friends who had now scattered in fear to France or to Holland. Again it was said the king's soldiers had attacked the Tower, liberated Strafford, and the Black Man was at the head of the wild Irish, resolved on the subjugation of England. Next, the queen had called on France for aid, and an invasion was imminent.

So there was much secret preparation, drilling and the concealing of arms against the time they should be urgently needed, and much galloping to and fro; a stirring period for the young, an anxious winter for the old, and Thomas Wentworth was in the thick of it all, mysteriously departing, unexpectedly returning, always more foolishly important than there was any occasion for. Yet had he in him the making of a man who was shortly to be tried by fire and steel when greater wisdom crowned him than was at present the case.

Since the letter she had received on the night of his arrest, the daughter heard no word from the father. Had he again forgotten, or were his messages intercepted? She did not know and was never to know. She had written to him, saying she had obeyed him, but there was no acknowledgment that her letter had reached its destination. Thus she waited and waited, gnawing impatience and dread closing the rose from her cheeks, until she could wait no longer. Her horse and the southern road were at her disposal, with none to hinder, so she set forth for London, excusing herself for thus in split breaking her father's command by the assurance that he had not forbidden her return.

She avoided her father's mansion, knowing that Lady Strafford and her children were now in residence there, and went to the inn where she had formerly lodged. She soon learned that it was one thing to go to London and quite another to obtain entrance to Westminster hall, where the great trial, now approaching its end, was the fashionable magnet of the town. No place of amusement ever collected such audiences, and, although money will overcome many difficulties, she found it could not purchase admission to the trial through any source that was available. Perhaps if she had been more conversant with the ways of the metropolis the golden key might have shot back the bolt, but with her present knowledge she was at her wits' end.

Almost in despair a happy thought occurred in her. She wrote a note to John Vollins, her father's treasurer, and asked him to call upon her, which the good man did at the hour she set.

"Your father would be troubled to know you are in London when he thinks you safe at home," he said.

"I could not help it, Mr. Vollins. I was in a fever of distraction and must have come even if I had walked. But my father need never know, and you remember he wrote that you were to help me. I wish a place in Westminster hall and cannot attain it by any other means in my power than by asking you."

"It is difficult of attainment. I advise you not to go there, for if his lordship happened to catch sight of you in that throng who knows but at a critical moment it might unnerve him, for he is a man fighting with his back."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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## CAMPAIGN ISSUES

Roosevelt Would Like to Know  
Where Democrats Stand

## LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE

Discusses the Navy, Pensions,  
Finance, Trusts, Tariff and the  
Philippines—An Intention to  
Continue Present Policies.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 12.—President Roosevelt's letter accepting the Republican nomination for the presidency says in part:

It is difficult to find out from the utterances of our opponents what are the real issues upon which they propose to wage this campaign. Having abandoned most of the principles upon which they have insisted during the last eight years, they now seem at a loss both as to what it is that they really believe and as to how firmly they shall assert their belief in anything.

Our opponents can criticize what we did in Panama only on condition of mis-stating what was done. The administration behaved throughout not only with good faith, but with extraordinary patience and large generosity toward those with whom it dealt. It was also mindful of American interests. It acted in strict compliance with the law passed by congress.

Similar misrepresentation is the one weapon of our opponents in regard to our foreign policy and the way the navy has been made useful in carrying out this policy. If continued in power we shall continue our foreign policy and our handling of the navy on exactly the same lines in the future as in the past.

When our opponents speak of "encroachments" by the executive upon the authority of congress or the judiciary, apparently the act they ordinarily have in view is pension order No. 78, issued under the authority of existing law.

It is easy to test our opponents' sincerity in this matter. The order in question is revocable at the pleasure of the executive. If our opponents come into power they can revoke this order. Will they now authoritatively state that they intend to do this? If so, we accept the issue.

So much for what our opponents openly or covertly advance in the way of an attack on the acts of the administration. Being unable to agree among themselves as to whether the gold standard is a curse or a blessing and as to whether we ought or ought not to have free and unlimited coinage of silver, they have apparently thought it expedient to avoid any commitment on these subjects. We, on the contrary, believe in the gold standard as fixed by the usage and verdict of the business world and in a sound monetary system as matters of principle—as matters not of monetary political expediency, but of permanent organic policy.

The anti-trust and interstate commerce laws are now being administered with entire efficiency, and as in their working need is shown for amendment or addition to them, whether better to secure the proper publicity or better to guarantee the rights of shippers or in any other direction, this need will be met.

So far as the rights of the individual wage worker and the individual capitalist are concerned, both as regards one another, as regards the public and as regards organized capital and labor, the position of the administration has been so clear that there is no excuse for misrepresenting it and no ground for opposing it unless misrepresented.

The question of what tariff is best for our people is primarily one of expediency, to be determined not on abstract academic grounds, but in the light of experience. It is a matter of business. From time to time schedules must undoubtedly be rearranged and readjusted to meet the shifting needs of the country, but this can with safety be done only by those who are committed to the cause of the protective system.

We are on record as favoring arrangements for reciprocal trade relations with other countries, these arrangements to be on an equitable basis of benefit to both the contracting parties.

It is difficult to know if our opponents are really sincere in their demand for the reduction of the army. If insincere there is no need for comment, and if sincere, what shall we say in speaking to rational persons of an appeal to reduce an army of 100,000 men which is taking care of the interests of over 80,000,000 people?

Our opponents contend that the government is now administered extravagantly and that whereas there was a surplus of \$80,000,000 in 1900 there is a "deficit of more than \$40,000,000" in the year just closed. This deficit is imaginary and is obtained by including in the ordinary current expenses the sum of \$50,000,000 which was paid for the right of way of the Panama canal out of the accumulated surplus in the treasury.

During the last five years more has been done for the material and moral well being of the Philippines than ever before since the islands first came within the ken of civilized man. Alarm has been professed lest the Philippines should not receive all the benefits guaranteed to our people at home by the 14th amendment to the constitution. As a matter of fact, the Philippines have already secured the substance of these benefits.

## Celebration of Foresters

Boston, Sept. 16.—The 25th anniversary of the founding of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters was celebrated last night with a concert and ball in Mechanics building. Representatives were present from each of the 200 courts in the state. It is estimated that nearly 10,000 people were present at last night's festivities.

## TO FROZEN NORTH

Peary Will Make Another At-  
tempt to Reach the Pole

## CONTRACT FOR NEW SHIP

Will Be Built Along Lines In-  
tended to Overcome Obstacles  
Hitherto Met With—Explorer  
Will Start Next Summer

New York, Sept. 15.—Commander Peary, the Arctic explorer, announced last night that a contract has been signed for a new Arctic ship which he is to use in another attempt to reach the North Pole and that he expects to start north next summer.

The announcement was made at a dinner tendered by the American Geographical society to those in attendance upon the eighth international geographical congress, which is being held here. Commander Peary, who presided, delivered an address, and said in part:

"Tonight I have the pleasure of saying to you that the contract for my new Arctic ship has been signed and that her keel is being laid now. This means that the expedition upon which I have been putting my energies for the past two years is lifted out of the realm of uncertainty, and that if I am alive I shall start north again next summer in another attempt upon the North Pole."

"It does not mean that I have all the money necessary, but it does mean that I have now until the first of next July in which to secure the additional funds necessary to fit out and equip the ship, and I do not believe that my countrymen would permit the expedition to fail for lack of this additional necessary funds."

"The ship will, I believe, be the ablest ship that ever pointed her nose inside the Arctic or Antarctic circle. She will possess such shape as will enable her to rise to the pressure of the ice floes and escape destruction. She will possess such features of bow as will enable her to smash ice in her path, and will contain such engine power as will enable her to force her way through the ice."

"In maximum dimensions, viz: length over all, breadth of beam and draft, this ship will be of the size of the British Antarctic ship Discovery; in displacement she will be somewhat less; in power she will compare with our largest ocean-going tugs."

"My plan of campaign in a very few words is to force this ship to the north shores of Grant Land, taking on board at Whale Sound the pick and flower of the Esquimaux, with whom I have worked and lived so long; to go into winter quarters on that shore, and to start with the earliest returning light on the sledge journey across the central polar pack, utilizing these Esquimaux, the people whose heritage is life and work in that very region, entirely of the rank and file of my party."

## Weavers Win at Waltham

Waltham, Mass., Sept. 13.—The weavers of the cotton mills of the Boston Manufacturing company are at work again, after having been on a strike for the past six weeks. The cotton mill officials agreeing to the terms demanded by the strikers. The strike was caused by the mill owners demanding that each weaver run six looms, instead of four, and this the weavers refused to do.

## Accidental Electrocution

Quincy, Mass., Sept. 14.—Christian Amshelitz, an employee of the Old Colony Street Railway company, while at work at the central power station here, accidentally touched a wire with his left hand, whereupon 13,000 volts passed through his body, killing him instantly. The left hand was badly burned, the little finger being entirely burned off.

## Endeavorers Show Great Growth

Boston, Sept. 15.—At the quarterly meeting of the executive committee of the United Society of Christian Endeavor it was reported that during the vacation season over 500 new societies had been reported, more than four-fifths of these coming from the United States. The present total enrollment is 64,904 societies.

## Twelve Children Made Orphans

Brattleboro, Vt., Sept. 14.—William H. Chalmers, 45 years old, a private in the Vermont National Guard, died from dysentery on the boat at New London, Conn., while en route with his company from Massachusetts. His home was at West Topsham. He leaves a wife and 12 children.

## Big Steamship Exploded

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 14.—By the explosion of a 12-inch steamship in the works of the American Steel and Wire company five men were scalded and otherwise injured. Carl Erickson was fatally injured. It is thought the others will recover.

## Mistook Wife For Burglar

Rochester, Sept. 16.—Joseph Bastin shot his wife by mistake while she was moving about the room early in the morning. He thought she was a burglar. She died several hours later. The husband became insane through grief.

## Perished With His Child

Vienna, Pa., Sept. 16.—Fighting his way through flames to save his 4-year-old son, Seymour Clark was cremated, together with the child, in a fire which destroyed his residence.

## Charged With Counterfeiting

Boston, Sept. 16.—William O'Brien, a plumber of South Framingham, is under arrest here on the charge of counterfeiting 5-cent pieces. Before Commissioner Fiske he was held until Sept. 22 for a hearing. The South Framingham chief of police says that that dies for the manufacture of the coin were found in O'Brien's house.

## TO BE DISARMED

Our Naval Authorities to Have  
Charge of the Lena

## ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT

Action Taken on Request of  
Commander of Russian Cruiser  
—Question Regarding Officers  
and Crew Not Yet Settled

Washington, Sept. 16.—Acting Secretary of State Adee gave out the following statement regarding the Russian ship Lena:

"The president has issued an order, through the acting secretary of state, directing that the Russian armed transport Lena, now at San Francisco, be taken in custody by the naval authorities of the United States and disarmed. The main features of the conditions prescribed are that the Lena be taken to the Mare Island navy yard and there disarmed by the removal of small guns, the breech-blocks of large guns, small arms, ammunition and ordnance stores and such other dismantlement as may be prescribed by the commandant of the navy yard, and the captain give a written guarantee that the Lena shall not leave San Francisco until peace shall have been concluded; that the officers and crew shall be paroled not to leave San Francisco until some other understanding as to their disposal may be reached between the United States government and both the belligerents; that after disarmament the vessel may be removed to a private dock for such reasonable repairs as will make her seaworthy and preserve her in good condition during her detention, and may be so repaired at the navy yard, if the Russian commander should so elect; that while at a private dock the commandant of the navy yard at Mare Island shall have custody of the ship, and the repairs shall be overseen by an engineer officer to be detailed by the commandant and that when so repaired, if peace shall not then have been concluded, the vessel shall be taken back to the Mare Island navy yard and be there held in custody until the end of the war."

"This action has been taken on the written request of the commander of the Lena, addressed to Rear Admiral Goodrich, setting forth that as the vessel is incapable of putting to sea without needful repairs she must disarm, and asking that needful repairs be permitted after disarmament."

"The secretary of the navy has telegraphed the president's order to San Francisco and given instructions to Admiral Goodrich and to Captain McCall, the commandant of the Mare Island navy yard, to carry out its instructions."

The main question regarding the Lena having thus been settled, officials of the administration and of the two belligerent governments now will devote themselves to reaching an understanding regarding the officers and crew of the vessel.

It is not likely that the officers and crew of the Lena will be allowed again to participate in the war unless the government of Japan should waive its prerogatives in that regard, which is not thought to be at all probable. An arrangement will be effected whereby the men either will be permitted to return to Russia or be interned in the United States, as the transport is to be, until the close of hostilities, at the expense of the Russian government.

## British Watching the Korea

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 16.—Members of the crew of the H. M. S. Grafton report the presence of the Russian armed auxiliary vessel Korea in the Pacific, off the northern coast of Vancouver Island, steaming slowly southward. They expect that the Korea will come to Esquimaux or Victoria. She is described as a larger vessel than the Lena and is commanded by an officer of high rank in the Russian navy. The news has caused much excitement at Esquimaux, where preparations to deal with her case, should she enter, are now being made.

## Work Ahead For the Grafton

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 16.—H. M. S. Grafton, flagship of the Pacific Squadron, entered dry dock at daybreak this morning for a "rush" cleaning. She is to be out in 24 hours. H. M. S. Flora is at her moorings in Esquimaux harbor under steam, ready to put to sea on an instant's notice.

## Breathing Spell For Both Armies

London, Sept. 16.—There has been no renewal of fighting since the retreat of the Russian army under General Kuropatkin to Mukden. Conditions there, both within the Japanese and the Russian lines, indicate that a month may elapse before the great armies in central Manchuria will again enter upon a general engagement. At St. Petersburg the expectation is that the next conflict of moment will occur at Port Arthur.

## Suicide of an Editor

Portland, Me., Sept. 14.—Joseph W. Leathers, a lawyer and newspaper worker of this city, committed suicide by hanging while temporarily insane. He was 33 years old. For the past two years he has been editor of the Portland Advertiser.

## War Veteran Indead

Greenville, Ala., Sept. 15.—James McWilliams, 107 years old, a veteran of the Indian, Mexican and Civil wars, died here last evening.

## Woman Twenty-Two Years in Jail

Providence, Sept. 15.—Miss Kate Judd has been released from the state prison at Cranston, her 25-year sentence, less three years for good behavior, having expired. The woman was sentenced in 1882 for setting fire to the residence of Edward Weaver in Newport, where she was employed as a domestic.

## CONCERNS TWO STATES

Murder on Border Line of Mas-  
sachusetts and Rhode Island

Pawtucket, R. I., Sept. 16.—Mrs. Dennis Crowley, aged 65, whose mutilated body was found by two young men at noon yesterday in the woods just over the state line, died at a hospital here four hours later without regaining consciousness.

John Allingham, sometimes known as Captain Harrington, a veteran and pensioner of the Civil war, is held on suspicion of being the perpetrator of the murder. Blood spots on the prisoner's shirt, articles belonging to the murdered woman in his possession, the conflicting stories told by him, the condition of the woman's bedroom, the fact that Allingham occupied a room in the house, and his apparent attempt to quit the scene before the arrival of the police, lead the authorities to believe that they have the right man.

The house, which has been occupied by Mrs. Crowley for some years, is situated about two feet from the line dividing Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The main portion of the house is in Rhode Island, while an L extended over the line into Massachusetts, so that one could cross the border without leaving the house. The house bore an unsavory reputation and has been the cause of much trouble to the police of this city and Attleboro.

An interesting question as to the arraignment of Allingham has arisen and been submitted to Attorney General Stearns. The local police are uncertain whether action should be brought in this state or Massachusetts. It is evident to the police that the assault was committed in this state, but it is also apparent to them that it was continued and concluded in Massachusetts, and it was upon Massachusetts territory that the body was found, although the woman died in this state. It is also stated that Allingham was upon Massachusetts territory when placed under arrest by Officer Hodgman of Attleboro.

## Youngsters Had a Hard Time

Boston, Sept. 16.—With seven boys weak from hunger and exposure on board, schooner Adeline Adams, with her light spars broken and very much the worse for her battle with the furious gale, was towed into port last night by the tug Pallis. The boys had been on a fishing trip about two miles off Nahant and the schooner was driven before the storm. When picked up by the Pallis the boat was 14 miles southeast of Boston light, with five feet of water in her hold. The boys were putting up a brave fight for their lives.

## Will Get Share of Fortune

New Haven, Sept. 16.—Decreed legally dead by the probate court of New Haven last May, Miss Mary A. Gilbert, formerly of this city, has presented proof of her existence in life to Judge Cleveland through United States Consul General Omann of Stuttgart, Germany, and also entered claim for her share of the estate of \$80,000 left by her brother. Miss Gilbert will receive about \$15,000, no opposition being offered by other relatives. Miss Gilbert has spent most of the time since 1883 traveling about the world.

## Snell Convicted of Murder

New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 16.—Guilty of murder in the first degree was the verdict returned late last night against Angles Snell, charged with murdering Tillinghast Kirby at Westport on Sept. 9, 1903. Snell received the verdict with apparent unconcern. Counsel for the defense asked that the exceptions made by him during the trial be noted, and he also filed exceptions to the verdict. The trial of Snell occupied nine days.

## Complete Returns From Maine

Portland, Me., Sept. 15.—A Republican plurality of 27,130 is shown by complete returns from the state election of Monday. While these figures show a Republican gain of 4,800 votes over 1900, they also indicate a Democratic gain of 11,244, or a net gain for their party of 6,444. The total vote for governor as tabulated was Cobb (Rep.) 78,460, Davis (Dem.) 51,330. The vote in 1900 was Hill (Rep.) 73,470, Lord (Dem.) 40,986.

## Rather Bold Proceedings

Monticello, Me., Sept. 16.—The general store of James Gray was entered last night, the safe rolled out, loaded into a wagon stolen from Gray, and taken some distance into the woods, where the wagon and safe were found. Although the latter contained money and valuables, no attempt had been made to open it. Four tramps are under arrest on suspicion.

## NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Lawrence Sullivan, thought to be the oldest man in Massachusetts, died at Boston, aged 104. He had been failing for nearly a week. He was born in Ireland.

The 50th anniversary of the opening of the Boston theatre, one of the largest in America, was appropriately celebrated. The "Wizard of Oz" was the piece selected for the anniversary bill.

Henry E. Jacobs, 58, of Bridgeport, Conn., local manager of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York, died suddenly at Boston. Death is believed to have been due to heart failure.

Philip W. Moss, formerly vice president and director of the American Steel and Wire company, died suddenly from apoplexy at his summer home at Shrewsbury, Mass. He was 47 years old.

In a letter to the trustees of Pembroke (N. H.) academy, Mrs. H. W. Potter of Portsmouth has offered to furnish a room in the new school library building, provide \$1000 for new books and donate a bond of \$1000 in memory of her late husband.

Henry F. Jenks, inventor and manufacturing machinist, died at Pawtucket, R. I., aged 67. He was a veteran of the Civil war and had served in the Rhode Island general assembly.

James Laguenel, 40, fell in front of an electric grip car at Providence and sustained injuries which caused his death 10 minutes later.

## For Safety and Security.

Do not continue in the old way of keeping your valuables about your person or in your homes; sneak thieves and tramps will be a perpetual source of worry.

You need a safe place in which to place your valuable papers, bonds, stocks, deeds, jewels, etc.

We have just such accommodations in our modern Safe Deposit Vaults, containing boxes renting for \$5 a year upward, according to size. We also store valuables in bulk at reasonable rates.

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W. H. Hammett, Secretary.  
Grant P. Taylor, Treasurer.  
H. G. Wilkes, Asst. Treasurer.

## SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT.

Incorporated A. D. 1893.

NEWPORT, R. I.

## NOTICE!

Under the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly passed at the January Session 1898 amending the charter of this bank NOTICE is hereby given that in July next this bank will pay in dividends upon all deposits of two thousand dollars or less at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum and upon all in the excess of two thousand dollars at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent. per annum.

All deposits for charitable purposes will be entitled to the higher rate of interest.  
Newport, R. I., April 22d, 1904—S-14-10W  
G. P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.

## Old Colony Street Railway Co.

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

## Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

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Electricity at lowest rates.

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PURE CALIFORNIA HONEY,  
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If you are satisfied with the Coffee you are using don't try our

LAKE'S CORNER BRAND.

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174 to 176 BROADWAY.

## AUGUST CLEAN UP

OF

## MILLINERY.

Hats must be sold regardless of cost. Many of

This Season's Shapes at 9c., 19c., 29c., 49c. values up to \$1.48.

WE DO NOT INTEND TO CARRY OVER A  
TRIMMED HAT if PRICE will sell them.

## See our Bargain Tables.

We are now showing a line of

## Between Season Millinery,

in all the Newest Shades and Shapes.

## SCHREIER'S 143 Thames St.

WE MAKE AND PUT UP

## AWNINGS

AND FURNISH

## Porch Shades

OF ALL KINDS.

## W. C. COZZENS &amp; CO.,

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Discharged a Cargo of  
Pittston W. A. Stove and Egg.  
BRIGHT AND CLEAN.

A Splendid Coal for Winter Use.

This Pittston Coal is highly recommended by our customers as giving satisfaction everywhere. Try a ton and be convinced.

## The Gardiner B. Reynolds Co.,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Telephone No. 222-2 and 222-3.

## Webster's House Going.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

Still another old landmark of the capital is to go. This time it is to be the old home of Daniel Webster.

The march of progress in Washington now keeps easy pace with the march of time. But it seems a pity that such old buildings, around which cluster stirring memories, should have to go. His last home in Washington, and the one Webster came to love well, must have a tender interest for the student of history.

But justice must needs have a new home. For many years the police court of the District has occupied the old church building at the corner of Sixth and D streets. Just to the east of it on D street and fronting Louisiana avenue, stands the old Webster home, which since the death of its illustrious occupant has been used as a law building. The District government needs the ground, Congress has appropriated the money, the property has been condemned and within a few days the old Webster home will be a mass of ruins.

It was Chauncey Depew who said in one of his perorations that among all the great men the Republic had produced, four were conspicuous above all others in shaping its destiny—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln.

Those were troublous times when Webster lived there. General Taylor in 1848, had been nominated by the Whigs solely on his Mexican War record. Nothing was known as to his sentiments on the exciting political questions of the day. He was supposed to be in sympathy with the general policy of the Whigs, but no definite declaration from him was forthcoming. After his election and towards the close of 1849 the public was in a state of unrest. As Henry Clay put it, there were, "in the legislative bodies of the capital and the States twenty odd furnaces in full blast, emitting heat, passion and intemperance and diffusing their through the whole extent of this broad land." All through the spring and summer of 1851 the heat lightning of approaching civil war played along the political horizon. Nightly the great men of the day gathered in the Louisiana avenue home of Webster devising means to save the ship of state. The famous Compromise Bill of 1850 was up in the Senate and hotly debated. Up in the second-floor room, opening towards the Unitarian Church, Webster prepared his famous speech of March 7, which he himself described as "the most important effort of my life."

General Taylor's untimely death stilling the tempest, but only for a time, and when Webster became for the second time secretary of state the time was crucial. He was personally in great financial distress—he generally was—and the added dignity of his own office made matters worse. It necessitated greater expense. He entertained generously, even lavishly. Great men from home and abroad touched knees under his mahogany. The bills had to be met by generous friends; and no man ever had truer or more generous friends than he.

Until recently the octagon-shaped dining-room stood as it did in the days of its illustrious owner, its stained glass windows looking out on a fair-sized yard, where a goodly linden tree spread its branches over a fountain long since dry and half buried under the rubbish of years. Webster often had a table placed in the shade by the side of the fountain, and there, with his books and papers, did some of his most important work.

## John was Snubbed.

The Detroit Free Press knows a boy who thinks he would like to be a naturalist if he received satisfactory encouragement from his parents.

A microscope had been given him on his tenth birthday, and forsaking all other interests he devoted himself to the study of nature with such ardor that by tea-time on the first day he was much excited over his newly acquired knowledge, and sought to give it out for the entertainment of the people at the table.

Guests were present, and turning to the lady nearest to him, with a smiling face he inquired:

"Did you ever look at cheese through a microscope?"

"I do not remember to have done so," she pleasantly replied, withdrawing from her lips the bit she was about to eat.

"Well, you ought to see the things crawl on it."

"John!" exclaimed his father, "eat your supper!"

The lady quietly tucked the piece of cheese under her plate, and John perceived that his information on that subject was not wanted.

When strawberries were placed upon the table John burst forth again.

"You ought to look at a strawberry through a microscope! They look like warts, and you think you can see bugs running—"

"John!" said his mother.

"Well, they look worse than flies' heads!" protested the eager naturalist, "for flies—"

"Boy!" said the father "leave the table!"

John went out and sat on the woodpile, wondering why his father wouldn't allow him to "talk sense" when he really had something to say.

## Famous for the Catchy Titles.

The Fall Mail Gazette used to be famous for its catchy titles of its leaders. J. Nicol Dunn, editor of the Morning Post, who used to be connected with the Fall Mail Gazette, has recently let the secret out as to how these titles were found. Every morning there was an assembling of the staff, and each member would write on a slip of paper his suggestion for the day's leader. The slips were collected in the office top hat, and after a discussion the most striking was selected. One day, as Mr. Dunn tells, the selected slip contained the words: "Can't think of a title to-day," which ingenious title duly appeared at the head of the leading article.

## Grammar.

"Do not say you are 'broke,' George dear. Say 'broken.'"

"People would think I was cracked."

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## No Luck.

"There is no such thing as 'luck,' said the sturdy self-reliant person.

"I can't contradict you," answered the patient sufferer. "All I can say is that if there is I haven't seen it."

—Washington Star.

## Gardening in Japan.

In one of his entertaining letters from Tokyo to the Washington Evening Star, Hon. W. E. Curtis describes the ornamental gardening of the Japanese and their artistic dwarf trees. He writes:

Everything about a Japanese house or a temple is artistic and dainty. The soul of the artist throbs under the timon of every laborer and every flimsy cooper and carpenter, every fisherman, every shop keeper and green grocer. You can detect it in the decorative effects they accomplish in the arrangement of their fish and vegetables and other wares, and the farmer reads a poem in every old stump. If he discards a rotten log by the road side he will plant a creeping vine in one of its crevices to cover the disgrace of decay. In no other country do they realize the rugged links of dead trees and use them as eaten boards for decorative purposes, and the ingenuity with which they are worked up and fitted in is wonderful.

The decorations of the Mikado's palace are very chiefly dead limbs sprawling over gilded screens and doors. Every carpenter has a flower bed in a vase beside him. Even the coat and fire wood is piled in an artistic manner, and the tubs in which manure is hauled from the city to the farms are embellished with dainty designs. Nobody in Japan is too poor to gratify an aesthetic taste, to plant a few flowers or a clump of ferns, to keep a bunch of blossoms in a jar, or bring home a moss covered stone picked up by the road side.

A gnarled tree, a vine clad stump, a naked branch without leaves or blossoms, an irregular stone, a spear of grass or a reed have beauties which appear to the Japanese nature, and no matter how uneducated and unsophisticated, or how simple his life may be, or poor and humble, his soul worships nature and detects forms of beauty which in other countries are entirely overlooked.

The other day at Nara I noticed in the garden of the hotel that two rotten and ragged old stumps had been utilized for a practical as well as ornamental purpose and form the gateway. And over them extends an arched roof made of worm eaten and decayed boards which everybody, but a Japanese would have rejected as ugly and worthless. But such things are utilized here and are very much admired as the height of beauty.

Not having enough rotten logs and worm eaten boards to satisfy the popular craving for that form of adornment, painters, sculptors, and other artists are busy making them. And everybody has a garden—a miniature park and lake, with a waterfall often not bigger than a teapot, a lot of rocks and a boulder arranged around a pond about as big as a soap plate, a stone lantern, a few dwarf trees and a glorious display of rhododendrons, azaleas, bright leaved maples, copper, beeches and other ornamental plants and flowers.

Some of the dwarf trees are marvelous. It is a mystery how the gardeners manage to preserve so accurately the shape and proportions while they prevent the growth of a plant. I understand that a fine collection has been sent to St. Louis, among them miniature trees that are three and four hundred years old. There is a popular impression that these are dwarfed by secret processes, but that is a mistake. Their growth is arrested by clipping the ends of the twigs and the roots. Some gardeners have greater skill than others and can produce better effects, and some have methods that they do not conceal, but generally speaking everybody in Japan raises dwarf trees.

Nor is it the only trick of the gardener. At Nara the other day we saw trees with seven different kinds of flowers upon it.

## Remarkable Case of A. Beck.

The case of Adolph Beck will undoubtedly take rank as a classic instance of miscarriage of justice. Here was a perfectly innocent man, twice convicted of a peculiarly mean and squalid crime—that of imposing upon the credulity of a number of young women by dazzling promises, in order to filch a few articles of jewelry and some shillings from each victim. He was actually sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and served five and a half years of it, and his repeated efforts to clear his character only ended in arrest and conviction upon a similar series of charges. And then immediately after this second conviction it is plainly established that he was not the man concerned on either occasion; or, as had been supposed all along, the "John Smith" who had undergone penal servitude a quarter of a century ago for the same class of offenses. Yet, fifteen women in all, smarting under a sense of wrong and misled by a partial resemblance to the swindler, identified Mr. Beck! He has now received "free pardons" for what he never did—the clumsy device alone possible by English law, but which happily makes his convictions as if they had never been, except for the lost years and the long agony that nothing can make good.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

## Out of his Sight.

The chief was cross that morning, and was venting his wrath on the pretty young lady who manipulated the typewriter.

"Every thing is in confusion on my desk," he said testily. "It always is."

"You insist that you don't want anything disturbed there," she responded meekly.

"Well, I don't want my papers disturbed; but I don't want this sheet of postage stamps left there."

"Where shall I put them?" she inquired, demurely, as she took them up.

"Don't ask so many questions," he snapped. "Put them anywhere out of my sight."

"Very well, sir," she cooed, as softly as a dove.

And licking them with her pretty red tongue, she stuck the sheet on his bald head and walked out to seek a new situation.—Illustrated Bits.

## Present Location Unknown.

A caller stopped at the house of a certain man and asked if he was at home.

"Deed, an' he's not," replied the woman who answered the ring.

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"I could not."

"When did you see him last?"

"At his funeral."

"And who may you be?"

"I'm his remains," said the widow, and she closed the door.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## A Narrow Escape.

"The queerest thing that ever happened to me," said the hotel clerk, "came off when I was on the night desk of a small hotel in a Connecticut town. It was a second rate establishment, frequented mostly by drunks, and the situation was rather lonely at night. There were stores all about, and they closed early so that after ten o'clock ours was the only place on the block opened. For that reason, I kept a revolver in the money drawer. One night about half-past eleven a pleasant spoken, well-dressed young fellow came in and asked for a room. We talked for a few minutes, then I told him as tactfully as I could that as he didn't have any baggage he would have to pay in advance. 'All right,' he said, 'take it out of that.' He handed me a ten dollar bill. I pulled out the money drawer to change it. There was my revolver, in plain sight, and another one with it. The second gun had been left in his room by a departing guest, and I tucked it into the drawer with mine for want of a better place to put it. What do you want with two revolvers?" asked the stranger. 'Oh,' said I, 'joshing. Suppose some one should come in and find me with the tilt out and get one gun and start to hold me up, I'd have another handy.' 'My God! What's that?' yelled the stranger, and pointed to the window. 'It's an old trick, but it caught me,' I looked. When I looked back, there was the stranger standing with his back against the wall and covering me with the extra revolver, which he'd reached over and got out of the till. 'Suppose,' said he, 'that I should grab a revolver while you weren't looking and cover you—as I'm doing now—and tell you to hand over the till and that if you make a move to get your gun I'll scatter your brains all over the place—where would your extra revolver be?' 'Heavens! And suppose,' said I truthfully, 'that I told you the gun you are holding on me hasn't been loaded for a month and has a broken firing pin.' And while that was being telegraphed through his brain, I snatched the gun and covered him. 'It would show quick wit on your part,' he said, and laid down the unloaded revolver. 'And now, if you will give me my change, I guess I'll quit this game of suppose and go to bed.' 'Well, I'll leave it to you if that wasn't enough to puzzle any man. Had he tried to hold me up or was it just a fool game of his. Somehow, I couldn't just make up my mind. So I gave him change and let him go. He didn't come back. I figured it all night without getting nearer a conclusion. But next morning things happened which cleared the matter up. About eleven o'clock the chambermaid reported that she couldn't get any answer from the room to which I assigned the stranger. They unlocked the door. His bed hadn't been touched. There was an opened window to the fire escapes in the hall. Furthermore, the boss asked me to explain how I'd happened to turn over a counterfeit ten-dollar bill with my cash."

She was Grateful.

Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wilful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness.

Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude.

"Papa, what flower do you like best?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know, my dear—sun-flowers, I guess."

"Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Woman's Home Companion.

## The Bride's Present.

Congressman James Breck Perkins happened in a downtown office the other day and called upon an old friend an alderman. During the chat an Italian couple came and asked in broken English if the alderman would unite them in marriage. With extreme grace the alderman performed the ceremony, and after accepting their modest fee politely handed to the bride an umbrella.

The Congressman eyed the proceedings gravely, and after the couple went out asked: "Do you always do that, Charles?"

"Do what? Marry them? Oh, yes."

"No; I mean bestow a present upon the bride."

"A present! Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" gasped the alderman.

"No; it was mine," replied the Congressman sadly.

John B. McDonald, on a tour of inspection of the subway, noticed one of the Irish laborers showing a just-lauded fellow-countryman the wonders of American engineering and explaining the same in a way.

As Mr. McDonald approached the pair the green-horned, pointing to where a surveyor was squinting through the usual surveying instrument at a rod held by an assistant some distance down the street, said to his friend:

"Pwuh's that mon doin'?"

The New York son of Erin was nonplused at first; but after a moment of deep thought, replied, "Ye ignorant looter! Sure he's layin' the wires for the wireless telegraphy that was invented by that Dago Macoroul."

Congressman Mudd of Maryland recently told of a dispute on matters political between an Irishman of Baltimore and a friend from Montgomery County. During the course of their somewhat heated arguments the Irishman announced with considerable emphasis that he would never vote any save the Democratic ticket.

"I'm glad to say that I am no such hide-bound partisan as you," said the Montgomery County man. "I make it a rule to vote for the best man, no matter what his party is."

"Upon me soul, I always thought ye Mugwump and rayformers was a crazy lot," exclaimed the Celt, "and now I know it. How are ye going to tell who is the best man till the votes are counted?"

## Mother Elephant and Her Baby.

A remarkably intelligent elephant, working a few years ago on a new bridge in Ceylon, had a young one to whom she was devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable.

Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her and escaped into the forest.

One night about ten days after her escape, the officer who had been in charge of her went out to lie in wait for her at a pond in a jungle at some distance.

As he and his native attendant were returning, early in the morning, the native, silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim, gray light an elephant with her calf making her way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees, and when the elephant had passed the native insisted that the older one was their friend, the inconsolable mother.

When they reached the camp they found that the trunk had returned, and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed or stolen in her absence.

Her good temper and usual docility returned at once, and her owner blessed the good fortune which had enabled her to procure a baby elephant.

—Ex.

## A Paper Found.

An English paper offers a practical illustration of Trollope's saying, "It's dogged as does it."

Jack Sullivan was a soldier, and a good one, but suddenly he began to act like a crazy man. When on duty or at drill he would break from the ranks and run after an imaginary scrap of paper, visible to no one but himself, shouting as he ran:

"There it goes! There's the paper!"

This occurrence became so frequent that officers and men alike agreed that Jack was insane, and the matter was brought before the medical authorities. After some scientific research he was declared to be suffering from monomania, and in consequence he was given his discharge.

But it was monomania with a method, for when Jack quitted the service and his companions, he flourished his discharge saying:

"Faith, boys, sure I've got the bit of paper I've been runnin' after this long time!"

## Doubted Mr. Collyer's Word.

Once when the Rev. Dr. Collyer was out of a job as a blacksmith in Germantown, Pa., he accepted from a builder in his neighborhood employment as a hod carrier, says the Argonaut.

Years afterwards, while an imposing edifice was being erected in Chicago for Dr. Collyer, he was standing among the beams, watching the progress of the work, when an Irishman came along with a hod of bricks. Dr. Collyer spoke to him and he paused.

"This is hard work, soir," said the Irishman.

"I know that well," answered Dr. Collyer; "in my day I've carried the hod myself."

"The Irishman stared at me an instant," said Dr. Collyer, in relating the incident, "and then went on his way mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like 'I wouldn't 'a' believed th' parson was such a liar.'"

## A Poor Dinner.

The Montreal Witness prints this little story of a poor woman who recently went to a saloon in search of her husband.

She found him there, and setting a covered dish which she had brought with her, upon the table, she said:

"Thinking that you are too busy to come home to dinner I have brought you yours," and departed.

With a laugh the man invited his friends to dine with him; but on removing the cover from the dish he found only a slip of paper, on which was written:

"I hope you will enjoy your meal. It is the same as your family have at home."—Ex.

There's an old district peddler on the Esopus circuit who thinks Judge Parker is the greatest joke-maker that ever existed. John was carting his greens near the Parker estate when he saw the Judge. Compliments of the season were exchanged, and the Judge said:

"Let me see, you're getting along pretty well in years, aren't you, John?"

"Yes, your Honor, I'm over seventy."

The Judge scanned the luckster from top to toe and exclaimed: "What a liver!"

John repeated this to a druggist in a neighboring village. That enterprising citizen sent it to a cere food company that sold grains to the old man. They communicated with the peddler, and got a signed statement as to the story, enclosing a fat check to John for his trouble.

The old man paraded the check for several days among the villagers on his route, always exclaiming:

"Just think of a Judge makin' one little sentence worth so much!"

A story is told of H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil man, which is worth repeating.

A young man in this city who had the same name and initials as Mr. Rogers frequently received through the mail letters which were intended for the Standard Oil man. One day he received a bill for a new flag furnished to Mr. Rogers's yacht, which he mailed to him with the following note:

"Dear Sir: I received the enclosed bill intended for you, as I am not fortunate enough to own a yacht. However, I will pay your bill if you will tell me the best time to buy Standard Oil."

He received the following reply:

"Dear Sir: Your note at hand. I will be glad to pay my own bill. The best time to buy Standard Oil is between 10 and 3."

Aseum—You look wretched this morning, old man. What's the matter?

Nupop—Lung trouble.

Aseum—Gracious! What's the matter with your lungs?

Nupop—Nothing; but the baby was exercising his all night.—Philadelphia Press.

He—Life is simply one grand chase. If you are not among the pursuers you must be one of the pursued.

She—Will you run with the hounds or fly with the deer?

He—I will fly with your, dear, if you please.—Kansas City Journal.

French Republic

# VICHY CELESTINS

Known for "300 years" as the best natural water for the cure of all stomach disorders, kidney troubles, gout and dyspepsia.

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN and INSIST ON HAVING "VICHY CELESTINS."

SO-CALLED VICHY IS STUPID IS NOT VICHY

SOLD ONLY IN PINT AND QUART BOTTLES.

## HOW TO OBTAIN SUMMER BOARDERS

There is in New York City one daily newspaper which has made tremendous gains in popular favor during the past five years. Its net cash paid circulation is over 100,000 copies daily throughout every section of New York City (including Brooklyn), larger than that of any other recognized news medium. This newspaper's readers are among the wealthy, and well-to-do, intelligent people—those who can afford and do like extended vacations in the country during the summer. It carries more resort advertising than any other morning newspaper, so the public naturally look to it for information as to where to go. An advertisement in its columns is, therefore, exceedingly valuable and sure to produce results. This paper is

## THE NEW YORK TIMES.

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

Write the Classified Advertising Department for rate cards, sample copy and suggestions as to the best manner of running an advertisement.

## DO YOUR CHILDREN ACK QUESTIONS?

Of course they do. It is their way of learning and it is your duty to answer. You may need a dictionary to aid you. It won't answer every question, but there are thousands to which it will give you true, clear and definite answers. Not about words only, but about things, the sun, machinery, men, places, stories and the like. Then, too, the children can find their own answers. Some of our greatest men have ascribed their power to study of the dictionary. Of course you want the best dictionary. The most critical prefer the New and Enlarged Edition of

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

If you have any questions about it write us.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., PUBLISHERS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

JOHN WANAMAKER, Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts., New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen: Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

## Price of Coke

From June 15, 1903.	
Prepared, delivered,	
36 bushels,	\$4.50
18 bushels,	\$2.25
Common, delivered,	
36 bushels,	\$3.50
18 bushels,	\$1.75
Price at works,	
Prepared, 11c. a bushel, \$10 for 100 bushel.	
Common, 9c. a bushel, \$8 for 100 bushel	
Orders left at the Gas Office, 1181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.	

ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and only Genuine. Always reliable. Laxative and Blood Purifier. Cures Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Skin Diseases, etc. Buy of your Druggist or send to: Dr. J. C. KENT, 110 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. Price 25c. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY, Contractor

—AND—

# BUILDER

OF MASON WORK, NEWPORT, R.I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at Calendar Avenue.

## Fall River Line. FOR NEW YORK, the South and West.

STEAMERS

PRISCILLA and PURITAN

WEEK DAYS.

Steamer PLYMOUTH SUNDAYS.

A fine orchestra on each.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days 6:15 p. m. Sundays, 10 p. m. Returning from New York Steamers leave Pier 14, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, at 5:30 p. m., due at Newport 2:45 a. m., leaving there at 8:45 a. m., for Fall River.

FARE—New York to Newport direct, or via steamer to Fall River and then to Newport, \$1.00. For tickets and staterooms apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 372 Thames street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent, O. H. TAYLOR, General Passenger Agent, N. Y. C. GARDNER, Supt. New York, R. I.

## Newport &amp; Wickford RAILROAD and STEAMBOAT CO.

## THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect June 1, 1904. Subject to change without notice.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	7:00	10:00	1:00	4:05	6:25	11:00
Providence	8:40	11:40	2:30	5:30	8:50	1:00
Boston	10:15	1:15	4:00	7:00	10:00	7:15
N. York	11:50	4:00	6:55	11:00	7:15	
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
New York	12:00	4:00	10:00	1:05	4:05	6:01
Boston	8:42	10:01	1:03			
Providence	8:02	11:05	2:00			
Newport	6:50	10:50	1:50	6:40		

## One Woman's Night in the Park

## Two Strange Little Pets.

## Popularity of Cider in England.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

Copyright, 1904, by Duncan M. Smith.  
THE CITY SPORTSMAN.

I went out to sleep in the Park," said the woman, "partly to see how it would be if I ever had to come to it, but mostly for the story."

I selected Union Square Park. I dressed in my oldest clothes, put on a rainy-day hat, and found a vacant seat.

It drizzled slightly. Besides, it was chilly, sitting still. The tramps were huddled together under the trees, whose great leaves hung back shadows on the pavement. They had ranged themselves directly under the leaves, which in a measure took the place of umbrellas. I found a seat next to an old negro woman who sat placidly sleeping, her hands folded, the rain gently wetting them. She was not black, but a brownish yellow, and her hands were wrinkled and freckled.

The rain ran down the creases of them. "Next to me on the other side a man had huddled himself into an execrably uncomfortable attitude. He was so sound asleep, however, that he seemed not to mind.

"It seemed to me that it was not so bad, after all, to sleep out in the open air, except that the rain chilled even in the Summer night. That and the dense quiet, together with the awkward, cramped position of my companion added me.

"I sat still a long while, looking across the flower bed at a row of sleepers under a tree. Now and then one would awake, stretch his arms, walk to the umbrella-like leaves of another tree and seat himself, head drooping, legs curled under the seat, hands hanging down.

"By and by a boy walked back and forth in front of me. At length he stopped, looking at me in a plying way. There was a seat between the old negro woman and myself. He took it apologetically.

"Do you think," he asked, "if I gave this old woman a quarter she could find a bed?"

"You might try it," said I.

"You ask her," he insisted, and I roused her and put the question.

"She replied joyfully in the affirmative, took the quarter, thanked him, and hurried out of the park and away.

"He gave another quarter to the man on the other side of me, who also went in search of a bed. Then he looked wistfully at me.

"What about you?" he asked.

"I laughed.

"Oh, never mind me," I said.

"You are a philosopher," he decided, "taking it so cheerfully. Are you going to sit out here in the rain all night long?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"With that he began to talk reminiscently into the night.

"A year ago," he mused, "I came to New York without money, not even enough to get me a bed. I had to sleep out here in this park all night long. It was cold, terribly cold. There were no flowers in the bed then. If there had they would have frozen.

"I nearly froze that night. So did the others who slept out here. Well, ever since then I have come here to try and help these people who sleep in the park."

"I looked at him smilingly and approvingly. He was a very young boy, not twenty yet, and many a boy of twenty would long ago have forgotten the terrible experience of that winter night.

"Again he turned his eyes on me.

"Would you take a little money from me?" he asked timidly.

"I started back, then recovered myself. It was a perfectly natural question.

"No, I thank you," I answered.

"If you would take a dollar," he urged, and go to some hotel, I would be glad to give it to you."

"I shook my head.

"Well, then, go with me to a little restaurant somewhere and let me give you something to eat."

"I am not hungry," I demurred.

"He sighed.

"If I had a little sister like you, he said, "and she had to sit out here in the park all night long it would break my heart."

"I felt to comforting him.

"I don't mind," I declared.

"But I do," said he. "If you must stay here I will go home—it isn't far—and get my umbrella and sit out here with you."

"That settled it. I had to own up that I was doing it for a realistic story, and let him take me home.

"He left me at the door, and though I have often thought I should like to see him again I have never laid eyes on him from that night to this."—New York Times.

## Gillette's Little Slip.

William Gillette was telling a story about the South one night not very long ago to an interested circle of friends in the Lamb Club. He was extolling the ingenuity of the natives, setting the scene of his story in an ordinary day coach of a train bound from Atlanta to Charleston.

"In the seat behind us sat a mighty pretty girl, whose gorgeous raiment failed to hide the fact that she came from 'way back in the mountains,' the actor said. "My friend and I were both much absorbed in the beauty of the scenery, the hills in the distance calling forth many expressions of admiration from us."

"I reckon you all are from the lowlands," the girl behind calmly ventured, leaning her arm on the back of our seat and smiling sociably at us. "It's just the other way with me. I've lived all my life up back in the mountains, and I just come down into the lowlands."

"After thus breaking the ice she didn't stop until she had told us that her father had been killed in the civil war; that a cannon the 'Yanks' had abandoned stood right in front of their door; that they had three cows, the youngest of which had just weaned her first offspring; that the chickens, eighteen in number, weren't laying the way they ought, and that she was nineteen years old, 'goin' on twenty.'"

"When did all this happen?" asked one of the circle at this point.

"Last summer," answered the unsuspecting narrator.

"You say the girl was nineteen years old," the other continued.

"Vell," replied Gillette, "she told us all she knew, and I guess a little more. Down there, you know, they don't think anything of telling their age, and—"

"I understand that," the other interrupted, "but can you reconcile the fact of her father's being killed in the Civil war and the girl's being nineteen more than thirty-five years later?"

"The howl of laughter which followed the pertinent query were stopped by the actor's remarking imperatively: "I said the young lady may have told more than she knew. But as regards that particular slip I'll take the blame myself."

Jimmy and Dick both had the measles and were sick in the same room. When they started to sit up in bed they wanted to be amused every single moment. Poor mother was at her wit's end. She had made them scrap books and rows and rows of paper dolls, and had read them every story in the house.

One morning they heard Mary Ann coming upstairs.

"I have a foin breakfast for ye this mornin', boys," she said.

"Pooh," cried Dick, with a contemptuous glance at the tray. "Nothing but that everlasting oatmeal."

Mary Ann put the tray on the table, and after fastening on the napkins and getting everything ready, she put the two little individual oatmeal dishes in front of them.

The boys lifted the covers simultaneously and then stared, what do you think they found inside instead of plain every day oatmeal? Nothing more or less than two cunning little ducks, each one snuggled comfortably down in the bottom of the plate!

Just at that moment another appeared in the room with a plate of real oatmeal in each hand. "Your father bought the ducks for you down town," she explained, "and they can stay right in this room with you all day."

The invalids were delighted and immediately started to play with their new pets. To begin with, mother brought them a big wash bowl which she filled with water and put between the two beds. The ducks weren't big enough to jump in by themselves, so a board walk was made for them. Then they swam around and ducked and dived for invisible objects in the bottom of the bowl and had a beautiful time.

The bath lasted for about half an hour, and then they flopped on the floor and started on their breakfast, that had been sprinkled for them on a newspaper. After that they dressed themselves for the day and smoothed their little downy feathers and tiny wings until they looked as if they had just come out of a bandbox. Then they were hungry again, and had a second breakfast, this time flushing every crumb of food, and drinking a saucer of water.

When night came the little ducks were put in the back yard, for it was warm, and they needed air after being in the house all day. The boys often wondered if they slept during the night, for they seemed so much in the day time it hardly seemed possible that they could. Snuggled up together in the sun on the floor, just like two little kittens, they stay for an hour at a time.

When the invalids began to convalesce and were able to walk around the room the ducks followed them all over. The boys were delighted to think that their pets really knew them and were actually sorry when the doctor pronounced his patients able to go out of doors.

Said mother one day: "What would I have done when you boys were sick if I hadn't been for those little ducks. I simply couldn't think of another thing to amuse you with, and it was a lucky day when father brought them home."

The ducks are now grown up and have lost a good many of their cunning tricks, but they still know their two masters, and never fail to give a pleasant "quack" when they see them coming.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Modern Chivalry.

"There has been considerable discussion concerning the chivalry of ancient times, particularly the Elizabethan age, and there has likewise been no little talk about the lack of chivalry shown in the present age, but the following incident, which happened in New York, will bear out the folly of these accusations," said J. B. McWilliams, of New York, at the Republican house.

"A tall, straight young man and a girl, who looked as though she had just stepped out of a love story illustration of a magazine, stood together under a canopy in front of the Central terminal after a heavy rainstorm. They were waiting for a car, he was watching the crowd pick its way over the wet streets, she was gazing at the muddy crossings.

"Extry poopers! Extry, mister?" shouted a knight of the newspaper brigade, pushing a late edition up into his face.

"No, sonny, I guess not," said he, smiling.

"But hold on a minute. Do you want to earn a quarter?"

"Sure, I do," said the urchin, with a grin on his face. "What d'ye think I'm in de business for?"

"Well, take ten of them and spread them out to the car track."

"When the car came along he turned to the girl, who hadn't quite comprehended the meaning, and with a little gesture bowed her to the pathway.

"She blushed and smiled as she daintily picked her way over the paper to the car."

"Eulaly gee!" said the boy.

"I think that Raleigh did not have a very great call on that young man."

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Covering the Truth.

A certain man in Philadelphia, who goes fishing two or three times a year and brings home more stories than fish was talking to a friend not long after his last trip.

"And what did your wife say?" inquired the friend, "when you told her you had caught thirty-five fish, none less than a pound weight?"

"That wife of mine is a queer woman," was the reflective response. "You know the statue of Truth we had there in the parlor without any clothes on?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know, when I told her what I had caught, she didn't say a word, but went right over to that statue with tears in her eyes and wrapped a rug around it. Now, what do you suppose she meant by that?" and his friend assured him that it was entirely beyond his explanation.

## A Substitute for Cork.

Notwithstanding all the achievements of practical science, there are some indispensable materials, the making of which is still nature's secret, and for which no entirely successful substitute has been found. Among these substances is cork, and it is possible that in this case nature offers a substitute in the wood of a tree, growing on the east coast of Lake Toba, in Africa, which is of even less specific gravity than cork.

Every summer that arrives brings with it a fashionable beverage, though how the fad is started no one ever knows. One summer every one was drinking barley water and extolling its merits; this year cider is the smart drink, and much discussion is rife concerning its climax of excellence, and whether it should be spelled cider or cyder.

It is a most refreshing and healthy beverage according to some connoisseurs, taken neat; others extol it in the form of cup and a third faction enjoy it diluted with soda water, but without ice, which is said to cloak its zest and destroy the 'bump' of the apples. In one form or another it is everywhere at the restaurants, in the clubs, and even at big dinner parties, a fact upon which cider makers are congratulating themselves excessively.

A beverage that improves the complexion and brightens the eyes is certain to be a favorite. One among women and older is said to perform both salutary offices. It is not flattering in its influence a fact that endears it to those who live in terror of adding to their avoidpools, and it suits rheumatic persons. Altogether it looks as if it would take its proper place as a national beverage until some new fad rises to usurp its place.—London Daily Mail.

## Driver was Glad.

On one occasion Daniel Webster was on his way to Washington and was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no travelling companion and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the senator.

"I endeavored to tranquillize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partly succeeded when we reached the dark woods between Bladenburg and Washington—a proper scene for murder and outrage—and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me, and with a gruff voice inquired my name. I gave it to him.

"Where are you going?" said he.

The reply was: "To Washington. I am a senator."

Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed:

"How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman!"—Rochester Herald.

## Evening Herald Prize Proverb Contest.

All the Poor Richards of New England are invited by The Boston Herald to get out their almanacs and enter the Proverb Contest just launched. Every evening an illustration is published which represents some old, well known proverb. The prizes for correct solutions range in value from a residence lot worth \$2000 to a \$5 check, and include autos, pianos and other valuable articles.

Capt. A. J. C. Donellan of County Cork, Ireland, member of Parliament and well known as the Protestant "whip" of the Irish in the House of Commons, told the United Irish League when he addressed its convention here last month that he considered an Englishman the most pig-headed of human beings. To illustrate his theory, he cited the Briton who, while selling a horse, described the animal's height as "sixteen feet."

"You don't mean feet, do you?" inquired the prospective buyer. "You mean hands."

"Did I say feet?" shouted the Englishman. "Well, if I said that, I'll stick to it."

A couple of lawyers were discussing with Senator Pat McCarran the number of leaders who were coming under the Parker and Davis banner.

"It's great, Pat, isn't it?" said one, "and think of the friends each man brings with him?"

"Great indeed!" returned the committee. "It makes me think of a German I knew who married five times. Each wife had an income and a household of furniture. At middle age his marital additions made him a prosperous furniture dealer and good citizen."

Between the Magic Words on the Broken Tablet that must be discovered before poor Princess Laureale can be freed from The Black Castle of Tor and the wonderful words of the Woggle Bug the heads of New England's boys and girls are in danger of being turned. By the score, hundred and thousand they are trying to find the fragments of the Broken Tablet while wondering what the Woggle Bug did say, and, if so, why? The answer can be found in The Boston Sunday Herald only.

Dr. George F. Shady springs many jokes on his patients when he knows them well, and they sometimes retaliate. He was recently talking with a woman who claimed to be more of an invalid than her physician believed her to be.

"I believe that a change of climate might benefit you," he finally told her.

"A change of climate," she repeated.

"How absurd! Why, I have lived in New York all my life."

In a certain drug store during the holidays the proprietor gave some little thing to children of his customers. A woman in the neighborhood learning of the distribution stopped and asked for a present for her little girl.

"But you don't buy anything here," protested the druggist.

"Indeed I do," she insisted; "I buy all my postage stamps here."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

There are 882,000,000 Chinese speaking the same language, making Chinese the most spoken language. There are so many dialects which are entirely different that they seem scarcely to belong to the same tongue. The inhabitants of Mongolia and Tibet can barely understand the dialect of the people in Peking.

I suppose you just can't keep out of your new automobile?

Well, I don't mind it much except for the odor and the delays, but it seems to me that my husband is kept out of it or under it about two-thirds of the time.

Yes, said Henpeck, the thing that impressed me most in Egypt was the mummy of one of the ancient queens. What was remarkable about it?

The fact that they could make her dry up and stay that way.

Don't gossip, don't spread poison with your tongue; don't be a well-known.

Some men lose their hair by butting in at the wrong time.

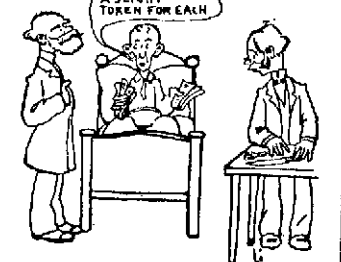
## He Is on the Spot.

Often we do not credit the insects and lower animals with the intelligence that the facts seem to warrant. It must be that the mosquito is able to read and write, for wherever man goes patiently to work to build a summer resort he is always there for the opening day.

Doubtless when the little pest is buzzing about our heads and we think that he is trying to get a drink of our rich, warm blood he is only trying to look over our shoulder for the purpose of reading the summer resort advertisements.

The mosquito, too, is an artist. He can draw blood better than any painter that ever wasted \$7 worth of ink on a \$3.50 bottle scene. As a musician he hums nothing but classical airs. You never catch him singing Bedelia. Considering the fact that he never took a college course, having been limited to Chautauquus and the like, the mosquito is a decided credit to himself, and it is feared that man does not always appreciate him.

## No Incentive to Die.



"Do you think he will live through the operation?"

"Of course he will. Didn't he particularly inquire of the doctors if it would be any cheaper if he did not pull through?"

## Can Afford It.

When she was poor and had a cold Cough syrup would relieve her; Now she is rich and has to take A journey to some inland lake To get rid of hay fever.

## One Good Miss.

"What a lot the ancients missed by dying so soon."

"I don't know. It was lucky for Solomon that he passed away before the age of tailor made gowns and picture hats."

## Couldn't Brave Convention.

Where is the festive shirt waist man Who started out to be so brave? He couldn't carry out the plan, For he was also fashion's slave.

## PERT PARAGRAPHS.

There are lots of people living on Easy street who don't know it.

Sometimes it takes a lot of nerve to tell a woman that her baby looks like its father—after you have seen the old man.



## Dead Easy.

"Say, pop, how do parrots talk?" "In polysyllables, I suppose."

## Best Language for the Telephone.

French is said to be more easily understood over the telephone than English.

## Understood.

First Boy—When I told de boss yitidy dat I wanted to git off 'cause my gran'mother wuz dead he said "Cert'n'y, go head."

Second Boy—He's a real sport, ain't he?—Philadelphia Ledger.

What did the woggle bug say?

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

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**Good Drops**

**Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of**

**INFANTS AND CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

*Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

For Simple Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

**NEW YORK.**

35 Doses 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**For Over Sixty Years**

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a most desirable medicine. They are mostly used in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and in this way often exert a magical effect. Take just one pill of each kind immediately after eating and you will be free from indigestion and dyspepsia. 15 cents at 25 cents. Try them.

This country's traffic makes use of \$7,000,000 passenger cars and 1,000,000 for freight.

Cashmere are said to eat candles for ration.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Little Liver Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

One passenger is killed for every 2,000,000 carried.

**CASTORIA.** The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, of Jmes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

New York is going to begin her \$100,000,000 fund in August.

**Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.**

Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cuts, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

**\$2** An elegantly furnished apartment, parlor, bedroom, bathroom, private telephone. In a new hotel for refined patrons. Fashionable, convenient to shops, theatres, railroads. Special Summer rates to transient guests.

**\$30** a week for two with meals

Cuisine of noted excellence; white service; valet attendance.

**HOTEL GALLATIN,**

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**"Life in the Northwest."**

If you have any idea of changing your location GO INTO THE NORTHWEST where life is worth living.

It is the coming empire of this country. Climate and elevation are found in great variety, and land will never be as low priced again as it is now. For farming, fruit raising and grazing no portion of our Country equals it. Irrigation makes the farmer independent where irrigation is practiced and the finest irrigable parts of our Country are in Montana and Washington. The towns and cities are all growing rapidly in the Northwest.

Let me know what you want and we will try to help you. There are all sorts of places and kinds of land in the Northwestern States through which the NORTHWEST PACIFIC runs. Don't wait until it is too late to go.

Low Settlers' Rates are in effect during September and October. Write to me where you want to go and I will tell you what it will cost.

**CHAS. S. FEE,**

Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., ST. PAUL, MINN.

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**To CALIFORNIA**

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EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY FROM CHICAGO.

**LOWEST RATES, SHORTEST TIME ON THE ROAD, FINEST SCENERY.**

Only route by which you can leave home any day in the week and travel in tourist cars on fast trains all the way. For descriptive pamphlets and full information inquire of nearest agent, or address W. B. KNISKERN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

**Chicago and North-Western Railway.**

